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## Select Poetry.

### The Beautiful Dust.

Oh, the dust, the beautiful dust,  
Berne on the wings of each passing gust,  
Dashed in the face like the pitiless hand  
Of scorn and contumely, the drifting sand,  
Lifting,

Sifting, Grinding along,  
Beautiful dust, you are going it strong.

Dust in the houses and dust in the street;  
Dust in the eyes of the people you meet;  
Dust in your mouth, in your ears, in your nose,

Dust through your hair, down your back,  
Through your clothes,

The dirtiest,

Dingiest, Dustiest day

Since Nebuchadnezzar went out to eat hay.

Once I was good, but the terrible dust  
Plastered my eyes, and with other I cussed;  
Once I was meek, but the heathenish dirt  
Filled all the vacancy under my shirt.

Hang it!

Blast it!

Smother the breeze!

Raising a sand-bank whenever you sneeze!

How strange it would be, when the night comes down,

And spreads its dark mantle all over the town—

How strange it would be if they'd find me here

With nothing exposed but a foot and an ear,

Fainting, Choking,

Dying alone!

Too dirty for prayer and too lazy to groan—

Prone in the street I so often have cussed,

With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful dust!

—A. H. Harvey.

### "Old Si" on the Colored Exodus.

"I'm a'min' ter git back home an' die da'—Green Buffin, colored North Carolina emigrant, before the Senate Exodus Committee."

Yes, boss, I've been to the "promis' lan'."

Whar de Wabbash hunts de sea

An' dey sau dat milk an' honey flowed

Fer all deiggers free;

I sol' my lan', my waggin an' boss,

An' tuck de "A'r line road,"

An' felt like de pilgrim at de cross

When he los' his hevvy load.

REFRAIN:

But now I've a'min' back fer home,

For de lan' ob pitch an' tar;

An' when I'm dar I'm gwine ter stay

Twell Gabril calls on judgment day;

I'm gwine back home to die dar.

Dar wuz col'ness in de a'r out dar,

An' de folks' looks dey froze us;

An' de darbies dey dar eb'ry day

From de chillin' wind dat blowses;

Dar ain't no work to git an' do,

No pay fer whar yer's done;

An' yer begs all day fer a bone to eat

An' starves from sun to sun.

I'm gwine back ez fast ez I kin

Ter de old plantation home,

An' when I'm dar I won't leab agin,

Ter dem furrin parts ter roam;

Dar's fish in de Roanoke plenty ter eat,

Dar's possums in de trees,

Dar's rabbit an' deer fer de po'r man's meat,

An' de fox chase when yer please.

I'm gwine ter lib wid de folks I kno',

De folks dat kno' me, too,

Whar dere's sunny lan' an' sunny hearts,

An' fens dat's staunch an' true;

Jes' keep de Norf an' West as youm,

The Souf 'll do fer me;

I'm exodustin' back ter de lan',

Dat's de bes' on eart' fer me!

## Select Miscellany.

### Van Veltman's Dream.

[From the Virginia City Enterprise.]

"I am worried about a dream I had last night," said Van Veltman yesterday morning, as he seated himself in a broad bar-room chair after swallowing his matutinal cocktail. "I never had any such a dream before. Everything seemed plain and reasonable enough in the dream, but now I cannot separate the sense from the nonsense."

Receiving some encouragement Mr. Veltman proceeded to relate his vision as follows:

"I dreamed I died and went to heaven, or what should have been somewhere in that neighborhood. I got there all alone—

away up among the stars which seemed a mighty distance apart. All was cold and strange and uncomfortable. Presently I saw the new moon, which looked somewhat homelike and familiar, so I went over to it and seated myself on the curve of it, where there was a comfortable resting place for my back, thinking I'd take things easy and look about for a time.

"I had hardly got comfortably fixed before a rather brisk-looking personage, with a paper cap on his head, wearing a leather apron and carrying a monkey wrench in his hand, appeared before me.

"Just arrived?" he said quite briskly.

"Just this minute landed," I said.

"Well," said the man, who looked like an engineer, or some kind of a machinist, "this is no place for idlers; you must get to work."

"To work," said I feebly. "Am I not in heaven?"

"Heaven! I don't know what your ideas of heaven may be, but can tell you that you are in the great Workshop of the Universe. No idlers here I can assure you."

"I—I thought I had come here to rest," stammered I.

"You have come to the wrong place if you are looking for rest. You see here are the axles of all the worlds to grease, fires to be kept up in the suns, and oceans of nebulous matter to be looked after and worked into asteroids and things. Lots of work to do, and just now we are very short-handed—been extending our regular work out into space."

"Just then I was startled at the sight of an immense fiery ball, that came rushing along with a terrible roaring sound, and which left behind a tremendous trail of sparks. 'Heavens!' cried I. 'What is that—a comet?'"

"A comet," said the personage before me, "I believe is what you have been taught to call it a comet, but you'll find out exactly what it is before you have been here long. However, I may as well tell you that what you see is a special car of one of the bosses. There are millions of them in all who go about through inter-stellar space inspecting things—millions of them—and to me they seem to be passing every five minutes, but where you came from they only seem to be visible only at long intervals."

"Where is the big boss of all? Does he, too, have his car?" said I.

"No you fool! Do you want me to knock you off the horn of that moon? No one here has ever seen that Great Head Centre."

"But isn't this heaven?"

"Why do you keep asking that question? Haven't I told you that you are now in the big Workshop of the Universe? It was heaven where you came from but you did not know it. You'll have no such good times here, I can tell you. You'll not be allowed to loaf up here and do as you please. There you had a body and feeling to tell you when anything hurt you—to tell you when you were tired, and so on. Down there you have nothing to do but to make yourself happy—to enjoy yourselves—but like a pack of fools you all go to piling up money, or trying to, and worry yourselves about getting things that are of little use to you, considering the time you have to stay. You have been up here hundreds of times before, but

you don't know it yet, and will not remember until you have been here a million of years, and have passed through a place you have to see. You were only sent down to the earth for a space, as I may say, of fifteen minutes, for rest and refreshment. Now you've got to get to work. I've just been sent over here by one of the bosses to tell you so. Up here you won't have a lubberly body that you must care for."

"But," said I, "we have the same shape, as I see."

"Yes," said the being before me, "up here you have a body and don't have one—you feel and are hurt, but not damaged. You know how it was down there on your little earth with a man who had lost a leg, an arm, or had any part of him come on before his main hulk—you know about the feeling he had in a thing that had departed from him?"

"Yes."

"Yes? Well, you might have taken warning from that—might have guessed something as to what would presently be the condition of your whole body. That within you which never dies feel as keenly through the whole as through a part. You are now all leg—all arm—all any part you will. But time flies and I must set you at work. Where are you from?"

"From Virginia City," said I turning my head and looking off toward where a little black star about ten feet in diameter was waltzing round the moon, with others still smaller whizzing round in various directions.

"What! From the Comstock, hey?" and the personage began to scowl. "From the Comstock—why I have a notion so send you right out to shovelling comet dust into the sun!"

"Pray do not," said I, "for though I'm from the Comstock I never worked in the lower levels."

"What, then, do you feel like doing—what kind of a job would you like?"

"Well, if there is a vacancy I think I'd like the place of watchman on one of the moons of Jupiter."

"Yes, you'd like a nice cool place, eh?"

"I'd prefer such a place to start in on."

"Well, I'll fix you. I shall give you a nice cool job down near your late home."

"Thank you, sir."

"Yes, I'll set you to work at your earth—at the North Pole. Nothing to do there but to chop the ice off the big gudgeon and keep it well greased. Come right along now, and get to work."

"Saturn has eight moons," said I, "and there might be a vacancy."

"Yes, and also a lot of big fly wheels—what you'd call rings. I can't trust you there. You'll chop ice a while—a million years or so; then I'll see if I can find a vacancy somewhere and put you in as a watchman. Come along!" and here he snatched me off the moon, and I felt myself falling, falling, falling for weeks and months, till at last I landed on a big cake of ice.

"Are you out of bed, you old brute?" said an angel voice, which I at once recognized as being the private property of my wife; and I felt so relieved and happy that I would have kissed her. Queer dream, wasn't it?"

Children cry for it—the colic.

## Chilean Barbarities.

It is true that Peru provoked the war in which she is now engaged by an act of perfidy, in offering her services as an arbitrator between Chile and Bolivia when she had made a secret treaty with Bolivia offensive and defensive against Chile. It cannot be denied that the Peruvians have on their part conducted the war like savages, nor that they are now maintaining it like fools in the face of inevitable and overwhelming defeat. It is true that the Government and ruling class of Chile have reached a higher point in civilization than any other Spanish-American State, and that she has had in this war more of the sympathy of neutral nations than her antagonists. But all this is no excuse for the atrocious conduct of her armies at Tacna and Arica, where, after defeating the Peruvians, the soldiers of Chile perpetrated brutalities in the indiscriminate murder of unarmed men, and of women and children, which should bring the blush of shame to the cheek of Sioux or Comanche Indians. It is fair in civilized war to destroy the towns, farms and habitations of an enemy. But even the modern Turks recognise the right of prisoners to protection, and do not by wholesale and in cold blood massacre the unarmed men and violate the defenseless women who fall into their hands by the fortune of battle. This is what the Chileans have done and repeated. At Tacna not a wounded Peruvian or Bolivian was found on the field the day after the battle. All were slain. Women and children were murdered or outraged. At Arica it was worse. All the prisoners were murdered, and fifty who took refuge in the United States Consulate were dragged out and killed.

The officers say they could not restrain their troops. They are, nevertheless, with their Government, responsible for these crimes against civilized warfare. And, whilst admitting their inability to control their soldiers, they are now preparing, on a grand scale, to repeat the brutalities of Tacna and Arica upon the city of Lima. It contains about 150,000 inhabitants, including 20,000 foreigners. More than half are women. Three-fourths must be women and children under the fighting age. The great bulk of the property belongs to the foreigners. The army of the Chileans intended for the sack of this city is from 30,000 to 45,000 strong. The Peruvians have no power for successful resistance. There is no doubt of the ability of the Chileans to take Lima. There ought to be a concert of action among the civilized powers of the world who have subjects and citizens, with their families and property, in the city exposed to the vengeance and rapacity of such an army.

## Some of the Signs of the Times.

The astuteness of the Turk in diplomacy, the military genius recently exhibited among the Afghans, the warlike attitude of the Chinese, and the progressiveness of the Japanese, give evidence of a great mental awakening among the Orientals. And this fact will have an important influence upon the current of modern history. Great Britain may find that she cannot keep up

the Oriental belief in her invincibility, and she may discover that it will be more to her profit to establish faith in her integrity. This mental awakening will benefit the United States by opening up grand possibilities to our commerce. Colonization on a large scale will also follow as a matter of course, and the unpeopled territories of South America may yet come under the dominion of the Oriental mind. Of one thing we may feel certain—namely, that the mental awakening of the Orient, which contains one-half of the population of the globe, will produce results that will astonish the profoundest thinkers of our civilization. The entire human race is fast falling into line for a grand advance that will put all former achievements to the blush. Mental fermentation is now well nigh universal in Russia, Germany, France, Ireland—in fact, throughout the world. For the first time in the history of the human race, its brain power is being universally awakened. A similar awakening started our own race upon a line of development that has given us our modern civilization, and we have a right to expect the same or similar results in all parts of the world. The pessimist will croak, and discover only signs of ruin; but the optimist, who believes in law, in man and God, will hail this dawning of a new age with joy.

## The Irish Situation.

At the outset of Parnell's career as an agitator he inspired among the conservative classes of Great Britain that species of aversion that are felt toward vermin that are loathsome rather than dangerous. No one regarded the agitation as formidable, or himself as a leader to be dreaded. Even down to the date of Beaconsfield's withdrawal from power he seemed, in Tory eyes, no more than the leader of a handful of brawling, obstreperous Irishmen, numbering, all told, but nineteen representatives in Parliament. Now, however, it is not possible to look at the situation in Ireland, as it has been developed in part by the agitation, but mainly through the effect of the famine, in any but a serious light. Thoughtful English statesmen are beginning to realize that sending troops through the disaffected districts and other repressive measures will furnish no permanent cure for the difficulty. A considerable portion of the English press, including some influential journals of Conservative leaning, deplore the defeat of the Compensation bill in the House of Lords as an event calculated to involve serious consequences. The "Pall Mall Gazette" advocates a conciliatory policy, and declares that instead of persecuting Parnell an attempt must be made to disarm the hostility of the constituency he represents. Meantime the Fenians seem to imagine that they are offered a fresh opportunity for an appeal to force by the present disturbed condition of things, but we trust there are a few leaders possessing any influence with the people who are not cool and sensible enough to understand the folly of any attempt to accomplish their object by armed insurrection. The thing that now begins to look feasible and capable of being attained by peaceful agitation is a thorough revolution in the laws, not only in Ireland, but of England and Scotland.